

Cinderella



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Two sisters Cinderella had,
Older and far less fair
than she.

For which it was her
hapless lot

The object of their
hate to be.



An invitation to the
Prince's ball,

The sisters with joy
received one day.

In grandest style the
elders went,

But bade Cinderella at home
to stay.





As she, poor child, sits
sad and lonely,
Her fairy godmother appears,
And her in kindly tones
addressing,
Says,



Godmother: "Rise, my dear, and
dry your tears."



She waves her wand and in a
trice,
Instead of garments soiled and
torn,
Rich silks and laces robe the
maid,
While slippers of glass her feet
adorn.





“To the ball now go”



the fairy says,



“But leave before the
midnight hour!
In rags again you’ll be
clothed,

For then expires my fairy
power.”





When Cinderella at the
ball arrives,

The guests all gaze in
deep surprise.

So fair a face, such
queenly grace,

This has never met their eyes.



She by the Prince is at
once asked

To be his partner in the dance.

And at her face, the
evening through,

He steals full-many a
loving glance.





So joyously the moments fly,
Cinderella never their
 passage heeds.
Till twelve the clock begins
 to strike,
When from the place she
 quickly speeds.
But as with frantic haste
 she flies,
She drops one slipper on
 the stair.





And when, in keen but
vain pursuit,
The Prince descends, he finds
it there.
Next day 'tis published he
will wed
The maid who can the
slipper don.



But though each damsel
tries her best,
Her foot, not one, can draw
it on.





Till, heeding not her sisters'
frowns,

Cinderella begs that she
may try.

With ease she quickly slips
it on.

None can its perfect fit deny.



Having thus discovered the
maid he loves,

The Prince now fondly seeks
her side.

And asks the lovely,
blushing girl

To say that she will be his
bride.





She makes him very happy
with a “Yes,”

And to the altar soon they go.

And all their after years
are spent

In bliss as sweet as mortals
know.



The

End